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AND

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SATURDAY, *April* 11, 1801.

The Girl of the Mountains.

(CONTINUED.)

TREMBLING and agitated, she permitted him to lead her through the waters, which wetted her shoes a second time; and having sat so many hours with them damp upon her feet, she felt the chill seize upon her heart, and an universal trembling alarmed Don Felix; he poured some of the cordials down her throat—had her shoes taken off—wrapped her feet and whole body in a large cloak, brought by the men, and in this state, between them, she was carried up the mountain, scarcely respiring, and followed by her ravisher, in a state little short of distraction. At length, she found herself lifted into a carriage, Don Felix by her side, who endeavoured to soothe her by a thousand expressions of the tenderest love and admiration. He kept her wrapped in the large cloak, for she had constant shivering fits upon her, tho' she did not choose to complain.

[*Thus far the scheme of Don Felix succeeded, he purposed carrying her to an estate he had at Arragon, situated in a mountanous part of the country, where he hoped soon, to bring her to his wishes. The men he employed were disguised as labouring peasants. During the day that Adelaide remained with him in the cave, these fellows were apparently at work near the spot, in various directions, for the purpose of giving wrong information.*]

The Marchioness's servants, as was expected, met with the wood-cutters, and every one agreed in the same tale—they had seen a carriage drive through with two ladies, a gentleman, and several servants attending, and describing their route, there admitted of no doubt but that they were gone towards Tudella.

The Marchioness sent off an express to her brother, and though it was long since she had travelled, determined to pursue the infamous woman who had robbed her of her young favourite; and in a few hours she was on the road.

She arrived at Tudella without overtaking them, and putting up at the post-house, the Marchioness learned that the ladies (whom she supposed to be the countess and ADELAIDE,) were in an adjoining apartment. Too much agitated to observe any kind of ceremony with a woman she detested, she burst suddenly into the room, and to her extreme surprise beheld two ladies and a gentleman, who were perfect strangers to her. They all gazed at each other, and the Marchioness, much confused, stammered out an apology, at the same time, asking if they came the road from Estella. They answered in the affirmative. "Did you observe any other carriage on the road, ladies?"

"No madam, (replied one of them,) we did not—will you have the goodness to be seated, I fear you have met with some disappointment; can we be of any service to you, madam?"

"I fear not, (answered the Marchioness, overcome with fatigue and vexation,) a young and very amiable friend of mine has been unwarrantably snatched from my protection, and carried away this morning from my house. From some intelligence gained by the wood-cutters, I had every reason to believe that your carriage, which I have traced on the road, contained the young lady I mention, particularly from the circumstance of there being two ladies and a gentleman; for it is a lady I suspect as the principal person in this cruel business."

She could no longer repress her tears, the ladies were much affected, and the gentleman seemed to feel great indignation against the person who had caused her distress.

"If you have only a suspicion against the lady spoken of, perhaps it may be wrong to ask her name, for a charge of this kind is a very heinous one; but if from her preceding baseness, you have a right to suspect her, we are going on a tour through Spain, and if chance should throw us in the way of the ladies you seek, be assured, madam, we will protect the lady, if she will accept of our protection, and you can give us permission to offer it."

The Marchioness thanked the gentleman and ladies for their attention, and told the former she freely accepted his kind offer. She then told him her name and rank, adding, "the young lady, who is my adopted child, is called Adelaide de Beauvais, born in France: her cruel enemy is also a French lady, and bears the title of the countess le Marr."

"Good God, madam! (cried the gentleman, with all the marks of extreme astonishment,) what is it you tell me!—Adelaide de Beauvais!—Is she living under your protection?—What then is become of her father, or how came this countess to find the unfortunate girl?"

"Ah, sir! (replied the Marchioness,) do you then know my young friend?—did you then know that respectable unfortunate man, her father!"

"Yes, madam, I did indeed know that innocent persecuted nobleman, and the detestable vile woman who caused all his misfortunes—Tell me, I beseech you, does he live?"

"Alas! no," replied she, "his death was as deplorable as his life was unhappy; but pray, sir, tell me who I am speaking to?"

The gentleman without hesitation, announced his name; the Marchioness immediately gave a cry of joy.

"Is it possible—do I see the worthy, the benevolent Monsieur St. Amand!—the physician, the preserver of the ill-fated count."

"You see, indeed, madam, the man who thought it his duty and glory to serve a persecuted man. I have a thousand questions to ask, and am impatient to know every thing in a moment. This wretch, this countess, how came she to find out this unhappy victim to her crimes?—how long has the count's daughter resumed her real name?—what has been the deplorable end you talk of?—forgive me, madam, I am really agonized with curiosity."

The Marchioness, as briefly as she could, recapitulated the events which had befallen the Count de Beauvais and his daughter, after their departure from the house in the wood;—his cruel death, Adelaide's adventures in the mountains, her being recommended to the countess le Marr, whose change of name had precluded her from knowing the enemy of her house.

She farther continued, that the subsequent machinations of the same woman, against an unoffending young creature; and, lastly, this event, which had now overwhelmed her with sorrow, had brought her in pursuit, as she thought, of the countess, and her beloved Adelaide, and had occasioned her abrupt entrance into the apartment.

When she had done speaking, both Monsieur St, Amand and the ladies were deeply affected. The physician lamented most feelingly the death of the count, and the unfortunate circumstance which had thrown his amiable daughter into the power of a fiend. For his part he had no doubt upon his mind, but that the countess must have discovered her, and hence arose that otherwise unaccountable aversion she seemed to have to the young lady.

"Heaven only knows," said the Marchioness, rising, "but I feel very miserable in being obliged to return hopeless of gaining any information of her route." She scarcely had spoken these words, before a noise of fresh carriages drew them all to the window, when, to the infinite surprise and joy of the Marchioness, she beheld the countess le Marr alighting from a carriage.

"Tis her!" exclaimed she, darting out of the room.

"The wretch is detected!" cried the physician, following her.

Both were nearly together at the foot of the stairs, and as the countess was passing to another room, they both caught hold of her.

"Where is my Adelaide?—give me my child!" cried the Marchioness, in a voice half choaked by her agitation.

"O shameless woman!" cried Monsieur St. Amand, "can neither years nor punishment bring you to repentance?—where is the daughter of those unfortunate victims to your vices?"

The countess stood like one petrified, gazing upon each, and struggling to free herself from their grasps, all the people gathering round them.

"You are all mad!" replied she, "go seek her with the false ungrateful Don Felix, with her companion in duplicity and wickedness; if they exist above ground, I will find them, and then you may again receive the *amiable*, the *virtuous* Adelaide."

The Marchioness stood confounded, when the countess, turning to the physician,—"And you, sir, that take those impertinent freedoms, who is it you are pleased to ask for."

"*I* know you, madam, for what you are, (replied he,) for a syren that has lured many a one to destruction. I asked you for Adelaide de Beauvais, for the unfortunate child of those parents your cruel arts destroyed."

"My God! what is it I hear!—is it possible!—Adelaide!—can Adelaide Dupont be the daughter of the Count de Beauvais?—Impossible!—Adelaide de Beauvais. Quit your hold!" added she, fiercely, "by heavens I know nothing of this Adelaide, but have no doubt of her being with Don Felix." She broke from their relaxed hold, and passed hastily into the room. The people all stood aghast, not knowing what to make of this confusion. The Marchioness overpowered by fatigue, vexation, and disappointment, had no longer spirits or strength to support herself: she fell into violent hysterics, which held her for near three hours.

While the ladies were with her, and the physician had ordered something for her to take, the countess sent for him. When he entered the room, she received him with an haughty air.

"I request to know how Adelaide de Beauvais, confined by order of the king, in a convent for life, made her escape from it, and who that man was, that lived with her, whom she called father, and who she said was murdered, was not her father the count drowned?"

"I am not compelled to answer your interrogatories, madam, but as I know it will wring your heart, however callous, know that the count was not drowned,—that his life was preserved by a miracle,—that he got possession of his child, and, as I have just heard, lived with her in the Pyrenees.—His untimely death may still be called a sacrifice to your crimes, for who drove him to death and banishment but you? Who deprived his child of her name and inheritance but you? And who poisoned the guiltless wife, and accused the innocent husband but you? Know, madam, and tremble to be told it, that proofs of your crime will soon appear against you, and were you ever to visit France again, you will share the fate of a criminal."

Seeing that she sat motionless with a fixed look of horror, he quitted the room, having spoken daggers to her soul, and returned to the Marchioness.

That lady was now a little recovered, and being convinced that the countess could not have Adelaide in her possession, she ordered her horses for returning to her castle. Hopeless and spiritless, she took leave of Monsieur St. Amand and the ladies, who were his sister and niece, and claimed a promise from them of a visit on their return.

[Knowing the duplicity of the countess, the Marchioness did not place much confidence in her accusation of Don Felix. Unacquainted with his attachment to Adelaide, without any clue to unravel the mystery that enveloped her young friend, she was lost in conjecture. But the reader, better acquainted with the secret movements of Don Felix, will not be surprised to learn, that when he departed from Estella with the countess, his mind accompanied not his person.]

They had not proceeded far, till he sent off his trusty servant to the neighbourhood of the Marchioness, with proper instructions to watch every transaction in the castle.

Meanwhile the countess le Marr was taught to believe Sancho was sent to Madrid on particular business, and when her unfaithful lover received such information as required his presence, he pretended an order from the king obliged him to leave her for a short time.

He left the love-sick countess, and hastened to join his industrious valet, who had cunningly engaged three men in the intrigue, and had provided every thing that might mislead the friends of Adelaide, and preclude a discovery of their route.

Three days he had watched the gardens and ground without effect, and began to grow impatient, and curse the foolish plan, when, at length, Adelaide went beyond her usual walk, and was the victim to her compassion, and a long concerted scheme for carrying her off.

When we left Don Felix and Adelaide they were crossing a high and dreary hill at midnight, their horses fatigued themselves almost petrified with cold. Beyond hope, however, they were dragged on, and came to the bottom of the hill, just as the day-light began to dawn from the east, sufficient to discover in a narrow valley a few scattered huts, one of which was the post house.

Here they could have fresh horses, and Adelaide was offered a few hours repose.—She most gladly accepted it; both her mind and body were subdued by terror, apprehension, cold, and fatigue. She was assisted to a sorry apartment, and nature being quite exhausted, she almost instantly sunk into a temporary and disturbed sleep.

The active mind represented in frightful dreams the dangers she had passed, and warned her of many more to come. A variety of scenes she passed through in her sleep, and awakened in great terror. She rose, and tried to open the door: it was fastened on the out-side; she knocked loudly; the key was turned, and Don Felix appeared ready to attend her.

"What, sir," said she, indignantly, "am I your prisoner? do you stand guard over me?"

"Forgive me, dearest Adelaide," returned he, "this restraint will soon be at an end. Some refreshment is waiting for you, and the carriage is ready."

She saw it was in vain to contend with him; no one appeared that she could appeal to, or if she had, and the people willing to serve her, he had the power to force her away from such ignorant persons, who were greatly awed by a nobleman and an officer; convinced of this, she partook of his break-

fast, and re-entered the chaise, without a single objection. When in the carriage, she asked the name of the hamlet they had just quitted; he protested he did not know. —"Nor what part of the country we are in, nor where this road leads to, I suppose," returned she, with a look of reproach that confounded him a little; "very well, sir; all in good time, your scheme will be developed."

Observing that she looked displeased, he strove by many apologies and protestations of eternal love and admiration, to soften her anger, and make an interest for himself in her favour. She heard him without any emotion, and the perfect indifference that she observed gave him more concern, as being much more unfriendly to his hopes, than if she had been agitated by rage and resentment.

Entirely thrown out of his play by her calm indifference & inattention to his vows, he was totally at a loss to discover in what vulnerable part he should direct his artillery: that human nature was fallible he well knew, and most of all he believed women were easily won, if their predominant passion was once known. With most of the sex, vanity was the prevailing foible, and to the gratification of that they gave up a hundred other secondary points; but Adelaide was perfectly free from that intoxicating poison of the mind; she had a native pride, such as resulted from the precepts of her father, who strongly inculcated that dignity of ideas inseparable, as he thought, from noble birth.

They travelled on for some hours at a good rate, merely stopping to change horses, which after their first disappointment, were always in waiting for them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

The Stage, No. 2.

I MENTIONED in my first number, (after giving a short history of the origin of the Stage,) my intentions of endeavouring to prove, in my next, that Theatres have an injurious effect. Of Theatres, there are some that without doubt are badly conducted, and of consequence, *must have* an injurious tendency; and others that are called *well conducted*. Such a thing as a *well conducted* Theatre, has never existed, nor can it exist for this plain reason—That a sufficient number of good plays cannot be collected to support a public Theatre. By good plays I mean such as will conduce to the benefit of the audience, and may be exhibited with propriety to the most modest eye. If a public Theatre could be maintained by the performance of such good plays only, there is no man perhaps, but will allow that Theatres *then* would probably be beneficial. But this is not the case.

The primate and immediate intention of the Stage, is either for recreation, amusement, or instruction.

The constitution and nature of man are such, that a cessation from labour, and a remissness of duty, are at times useful and necessary to support that flow of spirits, (without which man would be a miserable prey to melancholy,) and to preserve his body in that healthy state, to which it can never attain without the use of refreshment in a greater or less degree. Recreation is therefore an intermission of duty necessary only because of our weakness. It must be very obvious, that of the persons placed in different stations of life, there are some that have more need of recreation than others. These, it is very evident, are either such as are employed in bodily labour, or such as study closely, and spend a sedentary life.

Of the first of these, viz. such as are employed in bodily labour, (who are chiefly mechanics,) we find that a mere cessation from labour, is sufficient for refreshment; even if this were not the case, it is well known that very few of them indeed can afford so expensive a recreation as the Stage, for it is a well known fact, that but a small number of those persons who attend the Theatre, are of this description.

The persons of the second denomination are genrally men of talents and fortune, and of consequence, can afford the expence, but we see, that very few of them attend the Stage, because social converse, and bodily exercise, answer the purpose of recreation much better. A circumstance for the corroboration of this fact, viz. that very few of this description attend the Stage, is this, —We find that near ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who constantly attend Theatres, are persons who need no recreation at all: they are generally persons that lead an idle life, and whose time sitting heavy upon their hands, attend the Theatre, either to pass away a little of their idle time, or merely because it is a fashionable entertainment.

SOLON, the wise legislator of ATHENS, ever watchful of the safety and preservation of his subjects, exerted all his authority to have the performances of the Stage prohibited. His words to THESPIS, upon this occasion, were these:—"If we applaud falsehood in our public exhibitions, we shall find that it will insinuate itself into our most sacred engagements." Accordingly we find, that Theatres were entirely abolished from ATHENS.

In ROME likewise, the *mistress of the world*, we see that permanent Theatres were never allowed. They were but temporary, and only built upon particular occasions, for a certain number of days. The Theatre built by Marcus Scaurus, which is said to have cost not less than a million of money, was allowed to stand but a very short time. The Roman people gradually degenerating from their native and primitive simplicity, and sinking fast into every vice and luxury, became less careful of the security of their state, now upon its decline. Accordingly, the first permanent Theatre was built in Rome, by Pompey the Great, who was the first man who had authority and influence sufficient for this purpose.

The Stage is injurious because it consumes too much time and money. Men instead of employing their time in doing things that will be of benefit to them, and conduce to their happiness in this world, and in the world to come, spend their time in listening to the idle, indecent, and frequently profane discourse, that is usually contained in plays, which are often written in a style only calculated to amuse a Billingsgate audience. I do not speak this of *all* plays, but of the majority of those, that are generally in vogue. Farther, a frequent attendant on the Theatre, fancies it is not consistent with the character of a gentleman, unless he purchases liquor, (which is generally vended in or near such places,) which tends in a great measure to destroy both his constitution and morals.

There is a young man of my acquaintance who has attended the Theatre no less than two and forty times, and upon an average, has not expended less than a dollar and an half each night, for liquor and other *fashionable* expences. The instruction he has derived from his constant attendance, is, I will venture to say, not worth *one dollar*. He has *thrown away one hundred dollars*, and a time equal to several days, in which time a studious person might have acquired a great deal of knowledge and information. With this money so illy applied, how many poor persons might have been relieved from distress, if it had been expended for that purpose.

The instruction that is derived from the attendance on stage plays, is trifling when compared with the advantages that might accrue in the good employment of that time so illy spent. Let Theatres be conducted in the best possible manner; let all plays be prohibited but such as will have a good tendency, yet still it must be admitted, that the advantages that may be derived from the reading of good books, of the value of the play-ticket, and the other theatrical expences, are equivolent to twice the instruction that can possibly be derived from attending the performance of a play. If men wish to obtain instruction, let them use œconomy in their endeavours; it is always the best policy to procure information in the cheapest manner possible.

I think the arguments produced in the above discussion, and those two instances of the two wisest people of antiquity prohibiting and extirpating the performances of the Stage, are sufficient to convince a candid and unprejudiced mind of the impropriety and injury of Stage exhibitions.

R. PERICLES.

PROGRESS
OF A
Modern Young Gentleman.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE many hours I was unemployed, gave me opportunity to look round and see the world. I considered that, at *seventeen*, it is time to assume the actions of *manhood*; and, with the first perquisites of office, I paid a visit to the *theatre*.

Hitherto, my ideas had been confined; a sudden extension of veiw seemed to open upon me: I now ardently desired to *vie with* the most *elegant* of the company; to *stare familiarly* at the *ladies*; and was enraptured to hear the comments of a *genteel* young man, who repeated, in *seeming extacy* —"*Charming period!* —*Divine Seddon!*— *What pathos!*" &c. &c.

Murdered Kings, and *weeping Queens*, haunted every attempt at slumber. I arose early in the morning, and eagerly flew to the next *Stationers*, where I purchased the *play* which I had witnessed: and, in less than a fortnight, made myself master of the principal characters, and believed myself nearly equal to the *performance* of them.

The short time required for attendance at the office, left many idle hours on my hand; which were now filled, by practising at the shrine of *Thespis*. My whole library consisted of plays; my whole thoughts hinged on public applause, and many a time have I committed blunders in the *street*, when my ideas were rambling over the *wild heath*, with *Lear* or *Douglas*. More than once I have burst out—

"*So, now prosperity begins to mellow,*
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death."
RICHARD III.

Not seldom have I attracted the attention of the ladies, by repeating—

"*Oh, she was fair, divinely fair!*"

All might have been well, had my progress been checked at this period; but, being now advanced to my *nineteenth* year, and my salary being paid into my own hands, I contracted with my parents for my board, that so I might reserve more for private expences, and be more from under their controul; and they, good souls! thought all must go well, while I advanced in the manners of a *gentleman*.

My young brother, indeed, used to hint at *fine cloaths*, and *empty pockets*: but *self superiority* over-looked his *sarcasms* as the effusions of ignorance; and I inwardly triumphed over his groviality of pursuit.

I became a member of a *sixpenny spouting club*, held every *Sunday evening*; and began to think it *vulgar* to shew my face at *church*; except, indeed, a new suit of cloaths tempted me to coquet with, and flatter the pride of some *shopkeeper's* daughter, who might fancy she had made a conquest of a *Gentleman*.

The frequency of my attendance at the *theatre*, gave me a taste for *late hours*; when the example of young men, like myself, not seldom led us into a frolic, amounting, indeed, to no more than treating some shewy girl at an *oyster stall*, or ourselves with a plate of ham, and a bottle of wine.

The time was advancing, when I intended to burst like a *meteor* on the world; to enrapture mankind with my performances; to become the darling of the town; the envy of my acquaintances, and, by an easy progress, to attain a splended establishment.

With a heart beating under the pressure of anxiety, a body decked in my *gayest attire*, and a head filled with *speeches* and *visions*, I KNOCKED at the manager's door—I gave in my name; and waited fifteen minutes, in expectation of being called to the *great man*. He however, was busy, and I must call again. I shall not dwell on my repetitions of attendance; and, it is probable, that I might have been wearied by disappointment had not a *shining half crown*, proved, at length, the clue to the *chamber of audience*.

After repeating several speeches in tragedy and comedy, I was desired to wait till time had given a body to my voice, and expression to features, where the characteristic of man had not yet made its *appearance*. I retired, rather with contempt for the manager's *want of discernment*, than a *lessened opinion* of myself; and I determined to *lampoon* him in the public prints; but, from this I was diverted, by my attention's taking another turn, equally the offspring of *idleness*.

If it was difficult to gain admission to the *stage*, it was not so the *disputing club*; where sixpence from the pocket, and a little effrontery, gave a title sufficient to declaim. *Patriotism* now became my darling theme; and many a sleepless night have I passed, in turning a period to a climax of of applause; in studying for some metaphor of brilliance which would extort a *clap*, even from an opponent. *Demosthenes* and *Cicero* I expected to *outstrip*; and made no doubt of gaining the attention of the senate, where a place must be the smallest recompence for silence.

Hitherto all had been *fair*, and *unclouded*; but now I began to discover that, with the extension of my acquaintance, my necessity for *money* likewise encreased; expence accumulated to expence. I had been accustomed to pay my *taylor* and *shoemaker* regularly at the end of the quarter; but I now suffered them to wait from *one quarter* to *another*: till my father, in *mistaken* good nature, relieved me from this first embarassment.

Habits once surrendered to, require *exertion* to overcome them; and this *exertion* was incompatible with my *inclination*, and the *jests* of my acquantance: so that, now, the productions of my *clerkship* were unequal to my private extravagances, and, not finding myself noticed by the senate, or courted by the *stage*, I turned my thoughts towards *marriage*, in hopes of securing an independence, which might yet enable me to live as a gentleman.

After some little enquiry, I was introduced by a *spouting companion* to a young lady; who was a cousin of his, just come from the country, to wait the arrival of her father, who was a *Colonel* in the army, then abroad.

FLORELLA was agreeable, professed to love wit; and by the private instruction of my friend, had a *large fortune* of her own; which he begged I would keep a *profound secret*, lest some other should step in, and carry away a prize, which he wished, out of friendship, to secure to me: adding, by a genteel hint, that a *small present*, would be very acceptable, when I should so *amply* have the means.

Thus effectually blinded, while I fancied myself *leading*, I suffered myself to be *led* to the altar; and too late discovered, that I had married the *mistress* of my friend; that her father was a *crimping sergant*; that her *fortune* consisted *in debts*, for which I was accountable; that my only comfort was, I was still a *gentleman*, uncontaminated by a *shop*; and that, while my younger brother is by slow degrees, adding *pound* to *pound*, and enjoying the comforts of domestic life, behind his counter in the *Poultry*, I am in a fair way of retiring, like a *gentleman* behind the barriers of the *Poultry Compter*.

R. G.

THE WORLD.

This world is a prison in every respect;
Its walls are the *heavens* in common;
The goaler is SIN, the pris'ners are MEN;
And the fetters they're bound with are WOMEN.

—

OFFENCES and injuries received should be treated with *charity* or *justice*; but not with malice or REVENGE.

A Reader's Gleanings, No. 2.

ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

THERE is nothing which I would recommend more earnestly *to females*, than the STUDY OF HISTORY, as an occupation, of all others, the best suited to both their sex and education, much more instructive than their ordinary books of amusement, and more entertaining than those serious compositions, which are usually to be found in their closets. Among other important truths, which they may learn from history, they may be informed of two particulars, the knowledge of which may contribute very much to their quiet and repose:

I. That *our sex*, as well as *theirs*, are far from being such perfect creatures as they are apt to imagine. And

II. That *love* is not the only passion which governs the *male world;* but is often overcome by avarice, ambition, vanity, and a thousand other passions.

Whether they be the false representations of mankind in those two particulars, which endear *romances* and *novels* so much to the fair sex, I know not; but I must confess that I am sorry to see them have such an aversion to matter of fact, and such an appetite for falsehood. I remember I was desired by a young beauty, for whom I had some passion, to send her some novels and romances for her amusement in the country; but was not so ungenerous as to take the advantage, which such a course of reading might have given me, being resolved not to make use of poisoned arms against her. I therefore sent her *Plutarch's Lives*, assuring her, at the same time, that there was not a word of truth in them from beginning to end. She perused them very attentively, 'till she came to the lives of Alexander and Cæsar, whose names she had heard of by accident; and then returned me the books, with many reproaches for deceiving her.

I may indeed be told, that the fair sex have no such aversion to history, as I have represented, provided it be a *secret* history, and contains some memorable transaction proper to excite their curiosity. But as I do not find that truth, which is the basis of history, is at all regarded in those anecdotes, I cannot admit of this as a proof of their passion for that study. However this may be, I see not why the same curiosity might not receive a more proper direction, and lead them to desire accounts of those who lived in past ages, as well as their cotemporaries. What is it to Julia, whether *Fulvia* entertains a secret commerce of love with *Philander* or not? Has she not equal reason to be pleased, when she is informed, (what is whispered about among historians) that *Cato's sister* had an *intrigue with Cæsar*, and palmed her son, Marcus Brutus, upon her husband for his own, though in reality he was her gallant's? And are not the loves of *Messalina* and *Julia* as proper subjects of discourse, as any intrigue that this city has produced of late years?—I know not whence it comes, that I have been thus seduced into a kind of railery against the *ladies:* unless, perhaps, it proceeds from the same cause, which makes the person, who is the favourite of the company, be often the object of their good-natured jests and pleasantries. We are pleased to address ourselves after any manner, to one who is agreeable to us; and at the same time, presume, that nothing will be taken amiss by a person, who is secure of the good opinion and affection of every person present.

In my next I shall proceed to *handle* my subject more seriously, and shall point out the many advantages which flow from the study of history, and shew how well suited it is to every one, but particularly to those who are debarred the severer studies, by the tenderness of their complexion, and the weakness of their education.

H. E. I.

Commentator, No. 4.

"Would but some power the gift to gee us,
"To see ourselves as others see us,
"It would from many a blunder free us,
"And foolish notion." BURNS.

VANITY is a sentiment which pervades every breast, its influence varying according to the passions it has to dispute with, and too frequently superceding others of a more noble nature; it is generally the constant attendant of superior beauty or superior talents, and seems as thrown in by nature in her wisdom to counterbalance her liberality. It certainly has the effect of making those satisfied with what they possess, to whom she has been more œconomical in the distribution of her favours, by displaying them always accompanied by this disgusting foible. Sometimes it is true we find the most brilliant talents accompanied by humility or diffidence, but the rarity of the circumstance seldom fails to blow up the latent spark of vanity by the notice taken of them, when found so situated. It is a sentiment which may with facility be expelled the human breast, if it is undertaken with a determination to execute it; but a man of sense or a woman of beauty finds so many sycophants to gratify and cherish it, that the best form'd resolutions often prove nugatory and void. It is said that flattery is the very essence of a woman's existence;—but why is it so?—because vanity is so predominant in their breasts that it requires gratification, and having become the ruling passion, must receive its subsistence prior to any other which possesses inferior influence. Altho', as has been observed, this foible generally attends upon genius, yet it would be very unjust to suppose, that it was exclusively attached to it, for nothing is more common than to see a a fool conceive he is a wit, and a man whose sterile brain never produced one brilliant idea, suppose himself calculated to instruct those who are so much his superiors, that whatever light might chance to emanate from the dark body of his genius, must be stolen from some genius in whose absence he might possibly attract notice by the emission of those sparks of wit which, Prometheus-like, he stole from his superior predecessor, and in whose splendor, when present, he is entirely lost. Such as these, who wish to be considered as authors, without one requisite qualification, daily experience the sting of mortified vanity, which is as difficult to endure as corporeal suffering, and the arrow of disappointed pride rankles in the heart, without the consolation of giving vent to the feelings, till the victim of his own folly is sufficiently punished with universal contempt for his presumption, in the attempt to impose himself upon the world for a man of sense. Such instances of imposture are so frequent, and occupy so often, in periodical papers, pages which might have conveyed amusment, if not instruction, that it is admirable with what patience it is submitted to. But there is a still greater evil to the literary world, than merely the exercising their patience in poring over the prolix nonsense of a self-conceited author, who in the course of a long essay does not emit one ray of genius to illuminate its obscurity; and which has caused many clamorous complants without success in redressing it. It is, that a person who has just sense enough to make judicious selections, and unite them by a sentence of his own, should avail himself of the labour of others; and like the drone, too lazy or too ignorant to execute the work himself, plunders the hive of the bee of what it has been industriously making, and reaps the reward due to merit alone.

This literary fraud has increased considerably of latter years, and will discourage genius from exerting itself for the improvement of mankind, unless, they can make it

public where its fruits can be disseminated throughout the world, and they receive the honour and applause due to them from it. But if it is published in a periodical paper whose sphere is contracted, it will most probably be stolen by some literary highwayman, and, by means of a buffling varnish which may disguise its appearance, and not diminish its intrinsic value, adopted for his own; and thus the rightful owner is deprived of the honour which accrues from his own production. This kind of robbery appears in the same light to me as any other which the law recognizes, and I think ought to be punished as severely. H.

For the *Philadelphia Repository*.

On FASHION.

"Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
"Nor heed the storm which howls along the sky."

Mr. Editor,

THE above lines we may suppose introduced into a modern lady's invocation to that ever-changing goddess, to whom both sexes pay their devotion—Fashion; and she certainly does not appear to speak the language of inconsistency, when she says she will follow her foot-steps with her bosom bare. It has caused my admiration many times to observe, how such a number of young ladies of delicacy, should adopt a custom so contrary to every appearance of decency: that, merely to be in the fashion, and to be admired, they should expose to view those charms which, till the present time, every lady of reputation studiously concealed. If our great-grandmothers were to hear of the conduct of their degenerate daughters of the present day, and of their indelicate mode of dressing, (to say no worse of it) they would instantly pronounce them devoid of every sentiment of modesty, or extremely deficient in beauty, to oblige them to recur to such a mode to heighten their personal attractions. In their day, they would have instantly condemned any one who would have been guilty of half the extravagancies of dress that our ladies of the *ton* give into, as a wonton, whose company no woman of character would keep. Indeed I am sensible, that many who condescend to join in the fashionable levity of manners, would, before it became so prevalent, have felt their modesty shrink at the idea of carrying it to such extremes; but as the poet very justly observes,

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But when once grown familiar with her face,
You first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Pope.

Perhaps it may be thought too harsh to call a fashonable levity a vice, but it is certainly a foible; and if our fair country women should feel an ambition of resembling still more the nymphs and goddesses of the heathen mythology, we may not unfrequently see them taking the air, *in the state of our first parents previous to their fall.* The gradation to this height of folly would be very easy, and from the present state of the fashion we may justly suppose such a circumstance not only possible, but probable. Some vicissitude in the customary manner of dress must certainly be experienced, and if for the better I shall most sincerely rejoice in the reformation; but if for the worse, it will be an event greatly to be deplored, and an evil, the consequences of which human knowledge cannot ascertain. Modesty has given up the helm to Fashion, and even virtue totters on her throne. Form these remarks I would not have it inferred, that the sex ought to be controlled in their manner of dress, provided they kept with the bounds of modesty, and in the sphere allotted them by nature. IGNOTUS.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

On account of my youth and inexperience, it is with much diffidence I attempt to address you; but the nature of the subject will plead my excuse. As one of Mr. Neal's *scholars, I attended his lecture of yesterday, and was never more gratified in my life; as the mournful subject of our* Saviour's *sufferings was impressively brought in, with the several subjects of learning. On my way home, the following lines occurred to me, which I shewed to a particular female friend of mine, who insisted that I should send them to you for a place in your pleasing Miscellany; and I am not at liberty to disobey her commands.*

Respectfully yours,
MONIMIA.

Sunday Morning, April 5th, 1801.

BLESS'D be the man, whose every care,
Tends to inform and bless the fair!
His lectures choicest sweets impart;
Expand the mind, and mend the heart.

Oh! who can hear those periods flow,
Where piety and learning glow;
Where all with delicacies fraught,—
And not be charm'd with ev'ry thought.

Then amiable Tutor, still,
Thy lov'd, thy valu'd thoughts reveal:
May virtue's Guardian be thy guard,
And virtue's blessing thy reward!

For me, when from thee I retire,
My breast shall feel a grateful fire;
Since all the mental sweets I knew,
And comforts were derived from you. M.

Mr. Hogan,

Sir, at a late Examination of the Young Ladies under my care, the first class, among other exercises, read each a few lines as a specimen of her talent at Composition. Some wishes have been expressed that a few of these pieces, or extracts from them, might appear in the Repository. If you think the following lines, written by one of about 13 *will be productive of either instruction or amusement, they are at your disposal.*

Yours respectfully, D. JAUDON.

Dear Sir, March 26, 1801.

AS you have indulged me to select my own subject, on the present occasion, I have thought of attempting to offer a few ideas upon Composition, and I think I am sure you will approve of my subject: but that you will approve of what I may say upon it, is, I fear, rather improbable. Yet, Sir, when you are assured that it is the best my poor head is capable of, I hope you will accept it, and excuse every defect that does not appear to proceed from inattention.

The first idea that I have respecting Composition, Sir, is, that it is a very difficult thing to attain to any tolerable degree of proficiency in it, I mean in a certain *kind* of it. But this is no more than may be said of every valuable acquisition in life. There is, however, one species of Composition which I find extremely easy—the Composition of nonsense; or, nonsensical Composition. In this, Sir, you will allow at least *one* of your pupils to excel. But another kind of Composition, which I think is not quite so difficult as the first, nor altogether so easy as the last, is that which goes to the making of a plumcake, a pie, a pudding, &c. 'Tis true, this species of composition is not commonly taught in a grammar school, and therefore it may not be thought altogether proper here to notice it; but as the act of proving the excellency of such a composition is, to hungry critics, a very pleasant exercise, it may, in certain situations, be agreeable even to talk about it. But the composition I am now speaking of has *utility* on its side, especially as it applies to females. I believe there are none who will not allow that it is much more useful for a lady, at the head of a family, to be able to dish up a good pudding, than to be able to spin out the most eloquent harrangue (sense or nonsense) that could be conceived. Yet after all, Sir, I acknowledge, that to be able, with ease and propriety, to express our ideas, is a most desirable and elegant acquirement, and with your indulgence, care and assistance, I hope, one day, to find myself in some good degree possessing it.

I am, Sir, with great esteem,
Mr. Jaudon, your affectionate pupil.

PHILADELPHIA,

April 11.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Ignotus*" is in informed, that the delay of his last communication was unavoidable. He will find it in the present number.

"*Commentator, No. 5.*" Communications of "*R. G.*," and sundry others, are received.

☞ An Extra Sheet accompanies this week's Repository.

LATE FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a letter received at New-York, on Saturday last, by the Fanny from Greenock, dated

GLASGOW, 6th MARCH, 1801.

By this day's Mail certain intelligence is received, that the king of Prussia has declared, that he will take a decided part against this country in common with the Northern Powers, and that he is to possess himself of Hamburgh and Bremen immediately, unless Britain takes off the embargo on Swedish and Danish vessels detained in this country. The result of the above news I think cannot fail of very seriously affecting all kinds of produce, West-India and American."

By the same arrival we learn that the King is in a state of convalescence.

FROM IRELAND.

On Thursday last arrived in this port, the ship Prosperity, capt. Jaughin, from Dublin, with 40 passengers. Accounts by this vessel exhibit a mournful picture of the country from the scarcity of provisions, particularly Potatoes, on which the poorer class chiefly depends. The Dublin Evening Post of March 1st, says,

"It is a really melancholy sight to view the numerous objects of distress which crowd the Market-house on Wednesdays and Fridays in order to obtain relief from the Lord Mayor, to whom that humane Chief Magistrate distributes the coals deficient in measure, light bread, blown meat, &c. and this week his Lordship had it in his power to administer to the wants of many, and particular care was taken that the aged and infirm should have the largest portions."

On the subject of Catholic Emancipation, hopes are entertained that Mr. Pitt and his friends will succeed in carrying this measure, but in case he should not serious consequence are apprehended.

From the NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

WASHINGTON, April 6.

We are enabled from official sources, to state, that on the 22d of January, orders were dispatched by the English government to the West-Indies, suppressing all the Vice-Admiralty courts except two, one at Jamaica, and another in the Windward Island. It is proposed to establish permanent salaries for these two courts, and to appoint men of learning and abilities to preside in them. Several commanders of armed vessels, whose conduct has been irregular, bave been recalled.

We understand that dispatches have been received from our minister at the court of London to the 11th of February, and from our minister at Berlin to the 20th of December. From the dispatches of the former, it appears that progress is making, in an amicable manner, in the pending negociations between the United States and England.

Arrangements have been made, in conformity to the act, passed during the last session of Congress, for a naval peace establishment, which contemplate the continuance in actual service of 4 frigates of 44 guns, and 2 frigates of 32 guns.

All the other frigates, directed by that act to be retained, will be laid up in the docks in the City of Washington.

Orders have been given by the government to suspend, for the present, all further progress in erecting the Arsenal and Military stores in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and the fortification in Rhode Island.

ROBBERY OF THE MAIL.

We are informed, that the Mail from Huntingdon, in this state, to Philadelphia, was robbed a few days since, and a large sum, in bank notes taken out. Among the notes, were two of 500 dollars, and several of smaller denominations.

A melancholy occurrence took place at the Water Works on Saturday last. The large Boiler being in need of some repairs, two of the workmen had the temerity to venture into it, and were immediately suffocated. They were taken out as soon as possible, but every effort to restore them to life, proved ineffectual. A person who attempted to rescue them, had nearly suffered the same fate.

The frigates President, Philadelphia, and Essex, we understand, are ordered to rendezvous in Hampton Roads by the 20th inst. It is said, they will from thence proceed with convoys to different West India ports.

☞ The Subscribers to the FEMALE ASSOCIATION for the relief of Women and Children in reduced circumstances, are requested to attend their half yearly meeting, on Wednesday, the 15th of April, at the School Room, adjoining the Presbyterian Church, corner of Arch and Third-streets, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Marriages.

MARRIED—By the Rev. Dr. White, Mr. Peter M'Call, to Miss Sarah Gibson, daughter of the late John Gibson, esq. of this city.

———At Friends Meeting House, in Market-street, Mr. Robert Coe, jun. Merchant, to Miss Ann Guest, both of this city.

———Mr. David Marshall, of Gloster Point, to Miss Susan Summers, of N. Jersey.

———Near Savannah, Mr. J. S. Barnet, aged *nineteen*, to Miss Rachel Blyth Tooley, aged *forty-eight!*

———At Newcastle, by the Rev. John E. Latta, Mr. John Fairbarn, of Philadelphia, to Mrs. Frances Booth of Newcastle.

———By the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. Lewis Neill, Merchant, to Miss Ann Bickham, daughter of G. Bickham, esq. of this city.

Deaths.

DIED—On Tuesday last, Mr. John J. Malcom, of this city. When in health, Mr. Malcom was an active and industrious character; and, Death in bereaving his family of its head, has taken a useful member from society.

——At Petersburgh, Mr. John Randolph, of the late firm of Randolph and Armistead, of Norfolk.

——At sea, on the 18th of March, capt. Ennis, of this port.

Answer to the FISH HO!

The 1st sold 7*d.* worth at 7 for 1*d.*=49 & 1 left
The 2d sold 4*d.* worth at 7 for 1*d.*=28 & 2 left
The 3d sold 1*d.* worth at 7 for 1*d.*= 7 & 3 left

Now the remainder were sold at 3*d.* a piece, which made the

Fish	*d.*	*d.*	*d.*	*d.*	
First	1 at	3=3 &	7=10		The sum
Second	2 at	3=6 &	4=10		each bro't
Third	3 at	3=9 &	1=10		home.

H.

Question for the Repository.

A MAN having a meadow of grass to cut in form of an oblong, 20 poles longer than broad, proposes to give $\frac{1}{4}$ of it to the mower, provided he would in mowing round it 33 times cut down $\frac{2}{3}$, taking a swath of 5 feet wide; and tell him the number of acres contained in the meadow. Query, How many does it contain? K.

ERRATO. In the "Progress of a Modern Young Gentleman," 5th line of the motto, for *Indeed* read *Ended*.—In the piece on Spring, from "Amelia," first paragraph, 9th line, for *moon* read *morn*.—In the Latin ode of Horace, 1st ver. 2d l. for *extilit* read *extuli*.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

RODOLPHO.

[An Extract, for the Repository; by R. G.]

LOUD roar'd the blast, borne o'er a trackless waste, (grac'd:
Which neither spreading oak or beach-tree
Where only grew the fir, and barren thorn;
Where yet no flow'ret blush'd beneath the morn— (sod;
Save her who sleeps beneath yon swelling
Strew'd with no scatter'd herbs, bound by no hazle rod: (bloom,
Whose virtue pluck'd, e'er in its vernal
Sunk her, a willing victim, to the tomb!
Far as the eye can climb, up yonder steep,
Whose dark-brown brow o'erhangs the restless deep,
A Castle rears its solitary towers,
On which the tempest all its fury pours!
Full 'mid the battlements the wild gust roars, (our soars;
Now o'er their heads with deaf'ning clam-
While Ocean dashes on its echoing walls
It's angry wave, that thunders as it falls!
In one vast deluge comes the sounding rain
On the high Castle's top, and desart plain,
From clouds, whose dark, impenetrable gloom,
Declare them woven in a Stygian loom:
The lightening flashes, & the thunder pours
It's awful voice among the hollow shores!
Amid th' infuriate storm, a warrior Knight,
Array'd in steely armour, burnished bright,
With plumes adorn'd his helm, pursues his course,
With rage and horror, on his rebel horse:
To yonder tower he turns his eager eye,
Resolved to reach it, or in reaching die!
He, o'er its lofty walls, the master reigns;
His is the produce of its wide domains:
The steed recoils; and, shrinking from the storm, (form.
Heeds not the rowell'd spur, that gores his
"Curse on thy coward heart!" his rider cries: (flies!
The thunder peals, the forked lightening
Long stream'd the flash across the swelling breast
Of the cold turf, where Gertrude lies at rest.
Appall'd Rodolpho stands! The rose is fled,
That o'er his cheek, so late, vermillion spread: (hand
Convulsive shakes his lip; his powerless
Knows not his courser's bridle to command!
Remorse had smote his heart: when by the glare (air,
Of the fierce lightening, shooting thro' the
He saw that lovely once—now faded form,
Rise 'mid the frequent flash, and driving storm!
The ice of *Death*, had froze her ghastly eye;
Her cheek was marbled by his cheerless dye:
Long flew her raven hair upon the wind;
Long flew her garments, loose and unconfin'd, (press'd
Whiter than snow—with ashy hand she
Their gather'd folds upon her hollow breast.
She spoke——Her accents, like his fun'ral toll,
Struck nameless horror on Rodolpho's soul:
With terror mute, without the power to fly,
Stiffen'd he gazes, with a starting eye——
"Thrice has yon guilty tower beheld the beam
Of Luna, on its whit'ning turrets gleam,
Since this rash hand my throbbing soul reliev'd
From a sad breast, by thee to guilt deceiv'd!
O wretch canst thou forget that fatal hour,
When, knowing well thy own seductive power, (ing breast,
Thou snatch'd the moment, when my melt-
With thee and love was full, too full! possess'd? (shame,
When, with the deepest blush of virgin
I own'd a mutual, soft, delicious flame?
O canst thou e'er forget the hated day,
On which *my* virtue fell thy vice's prey?
That day thou left me robb'd of peace, of fame, (name!
With guilt attach'd to Gertrude's sullied
By all I lov'd, detested; scorn'd by those,
Whom an unblemish'd life had made my foes. (spair
Stung with mad love, and prompted by de-
To fly from ills I knew not how to bear;
No pious friend religious balm supplied;
I loath'd my life, and was—a suicide!
No sacred rites my bleeding body laid
On holy bier; no weeping youth, or maid,
Strew'd o'er my hapless corpse the summer's flow'rs, (show'rs!
Nor wash'd the sod with pity's gentle
The wild wind whistling round my lonely grave,
Is all the dirge I had, or e'er shall have!
But heav'n shall now my troubled ghost appease; (sees!
Heaven, who thy guilty soul detests, and
THY HOUR IS COME!" with hollower voice she said;
While on his arm convuls'd a hand she laid,
Cold as the icy chambers of the dead,
Heavy and stedfast as a weight of lead.
"THY HOUR IS COME!"—The thunder's pealing roar (ning tore!
Roll'd 'mid the breaking clouds, the light-
Swift came the fatal flash: Rodolpho's heart
Shrunk with wild terror from the blazing dart! (wore;
Led by the steel, it pierc'd the mail he
Death-struck, he fell—and fell, to rise no more!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO MARIA.

TELL, tell, lovely stranger, ah! tell,
How long must AMYNTOR remain
Enquiring thy *lonely sad cell*,
Devoted to sorrow and pain?

With anxious concernment he stays
To know thy seclusive retreat;
To chaunt forth thy merits and praise,
And amiable traits to repeat.

Heav'n ne'er sent the Beauties and Loves,
With the Virtues and Graces combin'd,
To hide in umbrageous groves,
And cast all their sweets to the wind,

Remember, the Lily and Rose
Alone for themselves were not made;
But, 'round their perfumes to disclose,
And 'round them their loveliness spread.

Oft *Cynthia*, thine emblem, is seen
Withdrawing her crescent so bright,
Again to beam forth more serene,
And charm with her silvery light.

Will, then, lov'd MARIA again,
To chear the fair circle appear?
Or must we despondent remain,
Ever mourning a radiance so clear?

But, perhaps, my enquiries are wrong;
Perhaps, I her motives do scan:—
She flies from the giddy, gay throng,
To avoid the seductions of man.

If so, may she constantly prove,
On earth, all the sweetness of peace;
And angels conduct her above,
To heaven, to glory and bless!

AMYNTOR,

To NIGHT.

[*Altered from the original, and rendered into blank verse in imitation of the poetry of "Jaques," in the Port Folio; by S. S.*]

I Love thee, mournful melancholy NIGHT,
When the fair Moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And thinly veil'd in clouds, hangs o'er the waters
Of the restless main, on which she sheds
Her pale uncertain light, to contemplation
Friendly, as to the mind oppress'd with ev'ry care.
Though no repose on thy dark breast by me is found,
I still enjoy THEE, cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom, th' exhausted spirit
Is calm, though wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd, (giv'n,
While to the wind and waves it's sorrows
Though lost on earth, the ear of Heav'n may reach.